

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Frailties and Foibles of Her Sex.

Marie writes from Philadelphia

Including me a simple
Will I please send her goods like that?
A half yard will be ample.

"Toss about in March at Smith's or Brown's,
Or give at Smith's I'll settle it.
And if I can't find this, she says,
Get some more like it."

And if I happen in at Gray's,
Please ask them if they've any
Of those pink belts with designs to match
(They had in May so many.)

And if they have, get one to match
Her white made last December;
She hasn't any more to send.
But surely I'll remember.

Matilda writes from Jacksonville
And asks if I'll get her
Three shirt waists at Smith's bargain sale.
Her taste there's none knows better.

And will I ask her daughter
If she'll do up and send her
The skin coat that she used last year?
Her face has grown so tender.

She can't recall the name. The box
Was either just or not.
Be sure it doesn't get it wrong.
He's such a stupid fellow.

And John, at Port St. George,
Writes in an awful hurry
Because her hair comes out. Please send
Some tonic in a hurry.

And will I take the time to go
And ask the book dealer
Why half her time just run out black,
And when I find out, tell her?

There's all one sort of town, my friends;
But by these means we can
Take comfort in the knowledge that
Though gone, they don't forget us.

"The thing that comforted my wife
When she called for Europe last month,"
says an architect I know, "was that I
shouldn't be lonely nor neglected while
she was away. I was to stay with Cousin
Augusta this summer and commute along
with Cousin Augusta."

It would be nice for me and nice for
Cousin Augusta, too, because sometimes
Augustus is so busy that he can't
get out home every night, and I'd
always be able to catch the train and be
there nights. They live the genuine
simple life out at the farm, three miles from
Junkville station, and it would do me a
world of good. It was on a Tuesday
evening that I set out on my commuting
career with Augusta. We nearly missed
the train because Augusta forgot till
the very last minute the cheese he was
to take out. He had Cousin Augusta's
suit from the cleaner's and his own laundry
and the new carving knife all right, and
I helped him carry them. The train
arrived at Junkville ten minutes late, and
we sat around and waited a quarter of
an hour before Augusta drove up with
the station wagon. She explained that
as soon as she heard the train was going
to be late she'd gone over to see the
man who'd promised to come and fix the
range, and she thought she'd have plenty
of time, because when they said ten min-
utes late, they always meant half an hour.

"She was driving Kitty, because Bob
had got a rope burn on his hind foot on
account of the hired man's tying him to
a tree with too long a rope, and couldn't
be driven for a week. Kitty was all
right to drive if you got out and held
her head when she came along, and she
only got lost once. She had been
catching the reins with her tail. When
she did that you had to be careful, for
if you pulled she'd begin to back. The
air was perfectly lovely, and we finally
got to the farm. There was potted ham
for dinner because the butcher hadn't
come, and Augusta asked us not to eat
too slowly because she was afraid the
cock was getting disoriented at looking
dinner so late, and if the cock left he
didn't know where she'd find another.
Augustus hoped we'd have time to go
over by the barn and see the sun set, but
we didn't. We had breakfast at 9,
finished dinner, then Augusta showed
me the tent where I was to sleep, and
how to spread a mosquito bar over me if
I needed it, and I went to bed. It rained
in the night and Augusta did not sleep
upon my cot six times. At last I gave
up pushing him off and let him sleep on
my feet. I thought he'd keep off some
of the damp, and he did. Augusta woke
me at 5 and we had breakfast at 6,
and then she showed me the house, where
each of us had a dressing room."

"Augustus didn't seem to care how
damp he got himself, but he kept his
clothes indoors. We had breakfast at 6
because we had to drive Kitty to the sta-
tion, and we wanted to be there by 8.
Half a mile from the station, Kitty
slipped on a pebble and broke a shaft.
Augustus and I got out and fixed the
train. When we finally settled down in
the smoking car we smoked in silence
for a moment. Suddenly we both said,
'By Jove!' and Augusta got in the rest
before I did."

"I forgot to tell Augusta I'll be
busy to come out again till Friday,"
she said. "Will you tell her when you go
out tonight?"

"I looked at Augusta and he blushed,
'I came out every night in June,'
he said, 'and every other night in
July. Will you tell Augusta that some-
thing came up at the last minute to de-
tain me?'"

"I did tell her. I telegraphed it, and I
told her I had to go to Chicago for two
weeks. Augusta knows, but Augusta is
a good fellow. And he's like the rest of
us men. Even I don't smoke anything
but cigars at home. My wife takes a
pipe. If she ever takes a fancy for the
simple life, though, I don't believe I'll be
such a supine sufferer as Augusta is.
But Augusta says he likes it, and Au-
gusta ought to know."

"People live in that barn," he re-
marked.

"The lady in the seat behind leaned for-
ward, interested."

"Are they artists, or just hard-up?" she
asked.

In one corner of that same State of
Connecticut you will find the summer
home of a Washington physician, and in
his guestroom you'll find a charming
four-poster bed, but the story of that bed
you won't find in the family archives. It
was a faithful friend of the family that
told it to me. Once upon a day, when the
physician's renovated farmhouse was hav-
ing its last coat of paint put on, the
physician drove this same faithful friend
out with him for the week end. As they
passed a quaint old house set within a

blow of the road, they heard the sound
of chopping. There in the yard an aged
man, bent above the footboard of a
disembodied bed, which he was with
some difficulty reducing to kindling wood.
Dr. Dash fairly hurled himself from the
four-poster.

"Look," he gasped. "There's the head
of the bed leaning against that tree. The
foot's actually chopping up an old ma-
hogany four-poster."

"It was even so. The footboard was
ruined by the medicine man stayed the
vandal hand."

"Good heavens! What are you doing?"
he cried.

The simple rustic looked up.
"Smashin' up this dinged old bed," he
replied. "Wife's tired of havin' so many
of them."

"But it's valuable! It's a treasure!"
cried the physician every day. Dr. Dash
said, "Get another one anyway," said the
man. "Too heavy to move out for sweep-
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Of course, you can see what happened.
Dr. Dash wanted that second bed. He
was willing to pay—why, he was willing
to pay for a new brass bed, and a box
spring, and a silk-covered down coverlet,
and a toilet set with pink roses on it if
he could only secure that lovely and
doomed antique mahogany four-poster.

He expected the rustic mind to be grasp-
ing as soon as it perceived the situation,
and it was. However, one doesn't find a
rustic fellow every day. Dr. Dash
saw it standing, fellow to the wrecked
bed, safe in an upper room, paid cash for
it, and sent his hired man for it early
next day. Guests were asked out from
his summer retreat ten miles away. As
he sat at dinner, he said:

"I always recall the drive to this place
with pleasure. You've come too late, my
dear doctor. Just before you arrived I
drove over this way one day, and about
two miles from here I stopped upon a man
who was actually, actually, my dear
friend, chopping an old-fashioned four-
poster bed into kindling wood. Picture to
yourself my delight when I learned that
although I came too late to save that rare
old piece, the man possessed the mate to
it, a charming bed, with which he was
perfectly willing to part."

The clergyman didn't sleep in the four-
poster that night. He didn't even hear it
mentioned. The faithless friend bore a
small hole into it with a gimlet and came
back with a piece of wood, which he
beautifully inlaid in Michigan, and Michi-
gan four-posters look precisely like an-
tiques, especially after you've sand-
papered scratches on the proper places.
But personally, I don't believe him. It
can't be any real reason why a Connecti-
cut rustic shouldn't have ten genuine four-
posters if he wants to, and if the same
reason is always leaning against the
same rustic, that is, that he doesn't
know those people who chortle over other
people's lost illusions, anyway.

"People who live next door to Blinks,
who is an architect of the purist type,
have recently remodelled their house. It
has crusted several bay windows and
where the high spot used to be is what
one may call a frontispiece and a street-
level entrance. Blinks really talks more
than necessity requires, and Blinks ju-
nior has ears as long as the next little
pitcher. Blinks junior was visiting at
the made-over house the other day and
the mistress of the mansion was explain-
ing things to a woman friend."

"The idea was really mine," she said.
"Mr. Blinks wanted a Greek design,
but I stood out for this Italian renaiss-
ance. I call it."

"That ain't what pa says it is," piped
up Blinks junior. "Ma said you said it
that, but pa says it's an American renaiss-
ance."

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FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

"I wish that I were newly married,"
said a husband one evening to the wife
who was bearing him company on a
spacious veranda fitted out with exceed-
ingly comfortable lounging chairs.
"Why?" she asked with a much sur-
prise as the weather permitted. "So that
I might have a clean pipe, nicely lighted
and brought to me with matches which
I would not have to strike." "Did that
ever happen?" she asked in perfect good
faith, because she remembered nothing of
it—and the man had a grievance for the
rest of the evening.

As a matter of fact she had begun like
other brides and ended like other wives
of her experience. She had found pleas-
ure in doing little acts of the kind men-
tioned, when there were no heavier cares
to claim her attention, and gradually
drifted into the indifferent stage. Her
husband happened to be a man who ap-
preciated small attentions and missed
them when the indifferent stage set in.
At intervals through the evening his
words returned to haunt the wife, who was
not intentionally careless, and by morn-
ing she had resolved to return to the
old, pleasant days, as far as she was
able.

Married people drift apart almost un-
consciously, and then comes the common
flash—divorce, with a new partner and a
fresh honeymoon. This drifting occurs
even where there is real affection on one
side at least, simply because human be-
ings take such a serious view of life.
The honeymoon period is one of little
things, made up of a mixture of sense and
nonsense, numberless little attentions and
an exaggerated importance attached to
the wishes of either party. All moods
wax, but new ones appear at frequent
intervals of calm and fade, the honey-
moon alone sinking to total oblivion.

The fault can be righteously placed upon
one or both pairs of shoulders, generally
both. That it is possible to avoid the
perilous condition of domestic life is
proved by the limited number of really
happy families to be found in our own
circle of friends. In these are devotion
and harmony and real grief when mis-
fortune marks a member. Death evokes
a period of mourning, and there is no
indecent haste in selecting another mate.

We all appreciate little attentions—there
is no use in denying it, for we cultivate
the society of those who offer them.
When wives and husbands do not get
them at home they go where they are to
be found. They are fair game for demon-
strative persons, and believe they have
the best of reasons for turning to new
companions. I do not believe that there
is a husband living who cannot be flattered
by small attentions. I am sure
that all wives can be beautifully men-
tioned in that manner. The most attractive
sight to my eyes is a devoted pair sur-
viving the influence of years of close intelli-
gence, which in their turn contained
more common. I do not believe that it
is not always easy to do them—when re-
membered, but it pays, my friends, pays
large profits in happiness and self-satisfac-
tion. BETTY READEMAN.

How sweet beneath the night forest trees
In calm repose to lie,
And listen while the softly whispering breeze
Flows gently by.

To watch the mountain clouds of blue white
First on the distant blue,
And gaze on distant hills remotely bright
With verdure new.

At peace with all the varied world I rest,
Untroubled by vain regret,
For Nature's calm voice more wholly blest,
Serenely and yet.

I see a motor car go whirling by,
And hear the rattling wheels,
My steady look no longer calm am I,
For it recalls

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WEEK OF DEVOTIONS

Catholic Truth Society in
New York Busy.

GENERAL NEWS OF CHURCH

Feast of the Assumption Commem-
orates Pretty Bible Story—Restora-
tion of the Sacred Roman Rota.
Oration to the Archbishop of Paris.
School Situation in France.

New York, Aug. 15.—The Feast of the
Assumption is one of those days that
marks the vast difference between the
worship paid by Catholics to the Blessed
Virgin and the adoration which they re-
serve for God alone. They believe as an
article of faith that Christ ascended by
His own power into heaven. But they
have also a pious tradition that after
her death the Blessed Virgin Mary was
by the power of her Divine Son, assumed
into heaven. She could not, being a mere
creature, raise herself to heaven, but
God, out of respect for her sacred person,
and for her wonderful privilege of being
the mother of His Divine Son, preserved
her body from all taint of corruption
while in the grave; and on the third day
by His almighty power assumed her body
and soul into heaven. It is a beautiful
tradition, and will very probably be some
day defined as an article of Catholic
faith, to be believed by all Catholics. It
shows in a striking manner the high
value set by the church upon purity of
soul and body, and her horror of the op-
posite vice of unrestrained gratification
of the passions of the flesh.

Sacred Roman Rota. The Sacred
Roman Rota is raised from the state of
comparative inactivity to which it had
sunk and is restored to much of its pri-
stine glory as a most important and pow-
erful court for the settling of cases of
canon law. It is the court of first in-
stance for trying such cases.

Under the special law just promulgated
it will consist of ten prelates, called au-
ditors, elected by the Roman pontiff.
The sacred Rota has always been accorded
great authority in all countries. Even
the degrees of doctor of theology and
canon law, and noted for their probity,
prudence, and knowledge of juris-
prudence. They are retired from office
at the age of seventy.

Notaries, too, shall be elected by the
pontiff, and shall be confirmed by the su-
preme pontiff.

The sacred Rota administers the law in
two forms: either by benches of three
auditors, or before them all, unless the
holier father decides otherwise.

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